

through it, and a piquant, provocative face, and a sudden illuminating smile that brought lurking dimples into view, seemed to content him, and though he talked of himself, man-wise, the talk was only of his tastes, his beliefs, his dreams, and held no hint of his name or occupation or rank.

"Funny how little one knows what an hour will bring!" said the Nice Man, quite as earnestly as though he had not been evolving a hopeless commonplace. He was apparently addressing a paper cutter which he had taken from the writing desk and was fingering.

"A man goes along doing stupid things; and then, some day, he starts out to do what promises to be more than ordinarily stupid—and finds the meaning of life waiting for him just around the corner."

It wasn't profound and the paper cutter was not impressed; but the man's voice was earnest and there was a seriousness about his mouth and the eyes he lifted suddenly to Priscilla had a look in them that was not prescribed by the manual of polite flirtation. The girl beside him felt a sensation that was novel even in a day prodigal of sensations. He was nice. Oh, he was very nice; and, if she were a real guest—but she wasn't. She was an IMPOSTOR! If he knew how she happened to be there he would despise her. Englishmen were such sticklers for the proprieties—in their women folk—and he was probably a lord or something else just as sticklerish. Not for worlds would she have him know—but, if he didn't know, she would never see him again.

He was looking at her again, and his eyes—well, they really were remarkable eyes. She wasn't used to men with eyes like those—such terribly serious eyes, full of all sorts of disconcerting questions. They made her feel dreadfully all-overish, happy and unhappy and cold and hot and wishful and afraid.

"I wonder," the man began, and left the sentence hanging there for a moment. "I wonder—"

She wondered, too; but she did not dare satisfy her wonder by waiting to hear what he was wondering about. Once again panic swooped down upon her.

"Are there any fees?" she asked, leaving his problem helplessly adrift. The matter-of-fact tone and question jarred him rudely out of dreams into reality.

"I—I fancy so," he stammered. There was reproach in his face, but Priscilla was ruthless and the instinct of self-preservation was strong within her.

"Would it bother you too much to get me one?" she asked, sweetly polite, but wrapped in conventionality as in a garment. "Strawberry, if they have it. The rooms are so hot, aren't they? It's a shame to send you into that melee again."

"Not at all. I'm delighted." He was civil but perplexed. The change had come so suddenly. She had seemed so kind. What had he said? What had he done? Nothing; but perhaps in another moment he would have—and what right had he? A sudden thankfulness illumined his face, and, as he turned away, it was Priscilla who was puzzled.

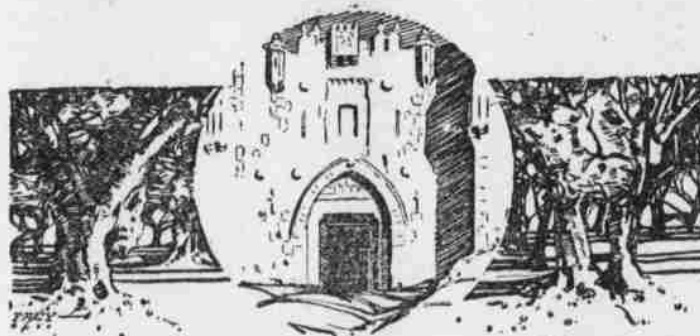
Why should he look so relieved? It was odious of him. She almost wished she had allowed him to go on. She was half tempted to stay and see what he could be induced to say, but—a vision of confession and its consequences rose before her. No; she must escape while she could. She sprang to her feet and moved swiftly toward the door, but stopped suddenly. A pretty, elaborately gowned woman, with a gray-haired, distinguished-looking man by her side, was coming slowly along the hall, absorbed in her companion, talking volubly, vivaciously, in a voice unmistakably American. Priscilla stared at her compatriot for an infinitesimal fraction of a second, recognition flooding her eyes and consternation following close behind. Then, turning, she sought refuge

There was a steady downpour of rain during much of the day and some of the exiles, with their wives and

St. Louis have been sold here.

Flat River, Mo., July 16.—It was

workmen are loath to do. The mine operators declare that they cannot get native laborers to do tasks like



Among Mine Own

By Villure D. Nesbit

"And he said unto him, Say now unto her . . . Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king, or to the captain of the host? And she answered, I dwell among mine own people."—II. Kings, iv, 13.

"Among mine own!" This Shunammite
Knew all of rich content;
She knew that through the day and night
The roads forever went;
That they led to the city wall
Where merriment and moan
Were mingled in their rise and fall—
She stayed among her own.

The many roads that lead away
Stretch far and fair to see.
On some the pipe and tabor play
And ring with revelry;
Down one the glow of glory waits
For him who fain would roam
The many roads that hold our fates—
They also lead us home.

The roads that tempt the wand'ring feet
Lead on through scenes that change;
Lead on to where we long to meet
One face that is not strange.
Perchance they skirt the desert sand
Or meet the flying foam—
But, lead to whatsoever land,
They also lead us home.

The Shunammite—'twas hers to go
Where jewels flashed as fire
Amidst the 'broidered garments' glow,
Yet she had her desire.
The subtle harmonies that blent
In cadence round the throne
Dimmed in the carol of content
She heard among her own.

"Among mine own!" Where friendly eyes
And friendly hands are mine;
Where humble songs of pleasure rise
And there are bud and vine,
And honey bees to search the sweets
Upon the breezes blown—
There, satisfied, the heart repeats
The croon: "Among mine own!"



in a window alcove, partly drawing the heavy curtain behind her.

That Betty Allison should arise out of her past to block the road to safety! Betty Allison, who would know her at a glance, and whose curiosity was sure to have outlived her marriage into the British nobility. Now there would be no escaping Betty without giving a detailed explanation of her presence in London and at the wedding. Priscilla could actually hear the rapid fire of questions—Where are you staying? With whom are you traveling? Who brought you here?

From behind the friendly shelter of the curtain the girl peered out, waiting nervously for the propitious moment. At any time the Nice Man might come back with the strawberry ices and then it would be too late to run away.

The high American voice sounded more and more clearly, the figures of the woman and man appeared outside of the wide open doors of the morning room. In another moment they would have passed; but during that moment, Lady Betty perceived a low divan ranged against the wall directly opposite the open doors and paused before it, with a laughing word to her companion, who, nothing loath, sank upon the low seat beside her.

Lady Betty's voice had sunk to a murmur. It gave place now to the lower, deeper murmur of a man's voice, a voice much too fervent for mere society nothings. Really, Lord Kilrose should look after Betty. The voice suddenly achieved nonchalant lightness. Some one must be coming down the hall. Priscilla's prophetic soul announced the Nice Man; and when she looked out, cautiously, there he stood in the doorway, his eyes searching the empty room, his face an eloquent study in disappointment.

The couple on the divan were watching him idly.

Priscilla debated the situation. She could not stay there in the alcove indefinitely. She certainly could not go out and meet Betty. Perhaps, if they grasped the idea that there was a tete-a-tete scheduled for the morning room, a fellow-feeling or a desire for

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Survival of the Fittest.

An ex-Governor of Georgia, and ex-officio and expert on hogs, was invited to judge the swine at an Indiana county fair. He looked over the pens, and the choice narrowed down to two hogs, one a magnificent animal of the Indiana corn-fed variety, of tremendous weight, and the other a lean and rangy specimen, whose pedigree must have embraced a large number of razorbacks. The Governor, after an appropriate judicial interval, pinned the blue ribbon on the rangy one. A friend nudged his elbow.

"Governor," he said, "there's been some mistake. Look at the weight of that other hog."

"Son," returned the Governor, "down in Georgia we've got different ideas about judgin' a hog. The ability of the hog to outrun a darky counts just six points. The razorback keeps that ribbon, suh."

A Quick Getaway.

Once the master of a steamer, while loading at a Scotch port, took on two hands—one without a written "character" and another with an abundance of documentary evidence as to his honesty and uprightness.

They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the man with the written recommendations, while crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand, was swept overboard. The other hand saw what had happened and sought out the captain.

"Do you remember the man from Dundee," he asked, "that you engaged w' the fine character?"

"Yes," said the captain. "What of it?"

"Well, he's run awa' w' your bucket."

What She Believes.

"Does your wife believe everything you tell her?"

"Yes. She believes everything I tell her is wrong."